

THE PAPER
THAT GOES HOME

BOSTON AMERICAN

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U. S. INSISTS ON REPLY BY TURKEY POLICE HUNT MERRILL SLAYERS

SHOTS AT MEN IN TENNESSEE'S BOAT MUST BE EXPLAINED

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21.—That explanations have been asked of the Turkish government of the Smyrna incident was stated by Secretary to the President Joseph Tumulty today on behalf of President Wilson. A full investigation of the matter is being made, declared Mr. Tumulty, and judgment is being suspended in the meantime.

The statement from the White House follows:

The public already knows what happened; namely, a boat from the Tennessee tried to enter a harbor which the Turkish government had declared closed. A shot was fired across her bows to stop her. The captain of the Tennessee reports that it was not intended as a hostile act.

A full investigation of the matter is being made and explanations have been asked of the Turkish government. Previous attempts to communicate with Ambassador Morgenthau at Constantinople have led to delays of as much as a week.

Repulse of the Russians, with heavy losses, is a furious assault on Przemyśl, the Austrian fortress in Galicia, is officially announced by Vienna today.

Petrograd announces that the German attempts to break through the Russian armies in Poland have been checked and that the battle along the 400-mile front is still raging, with Russian positions well maintained.

A Berlin official statement says that violent French attacks near Servon on the western border of the Argonne region have been repulsed with heavy losses. The German losses were insignificant.

REVOLT BY GERMAN PRISONERS.

Paris has received what it says is authentic news that many German prisoners of war have been killed and many others injured in an outbreak in a concentration camp in England. No details are yet obtainable.

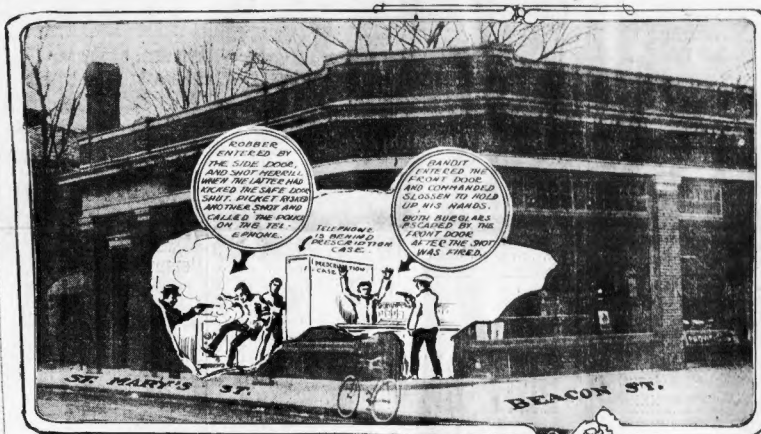
Anti-British riots have broken out in Constantinople, according to advices from that place today.

Constantinople issues an official report that a Russian fleet composed of two battleships and five cruisers was attacked and put to flight in an engagement in the Black Sea. The Russians sought safety in flight toward Sebastopol.

The issue of the triple conflict in Poland is awaited with keenest interest.

Two of the battles are in Poland and the other in East Prussia. The Russians claim partial success near Lodz, where they say they have captured a battery of heavy artillery, ten machine guns.

Photo-diagram of drug store raided by bandits in Brookline, in which Clerk Charles J. Merrill was shot dead. At bottom is Reginald C. Pickett, one of the clerks who was in the store and "covered" by robber's revolver.



GREATEST CROWD SEES GREATEST FOOTBALL GAME

HOW CRIMSON AND BLUE LINE UP TODAY.

HARVARD	YALE
Coolidge, left end	right end, Stillman
Parson, left tackle	right tackle, Belts
Weston, left guard	right guard, Conroy
Pennock, right guard	centre, White
Trumbull, right tackle	left tackle, Talbot
Hardwick, right end	left end, Brann
Logan, quarterback	quarterback, Wilson
Mahan, left halfback	right halfback, Knowles
Bradlee, right halfback	left halfback, Ainsworth
Brucke, fullback	fullback, Le Gore

Refer—Nathan Tuffs, Brown, Empire—David Fultz, Brown, Head Brown—Fred Murphy, Brown, Field Judge—Dr. Carl Williams, University of Pennsylvania.

NEW HAVEN, Nov. 21.—Before noon today the vast crowd, which was to number nearly 75,000, began to pour into the immense Yale bowl to see Harvard and Yale play the greatest football game in the history of the sport before the greatest crowd that ever assembled to watch an American amusement.

New Haven was all but overflowing with visitors. Normally the city has a population of about 140,000. This noon that number was increased by nearly one-half. Thousands of automobiles



Louvre Art Works Are "Bricked Up"

PARIS, Nov. 21.—The big paintings at the Louvre, which it has been inconvenient to remove, have been bricked up, according to the CRI de Paris. Walls have been built in front of them to afford protection from aeroplane bombs.

FR. JOHN'S MED. CURED MY

Thompson Mental Wreck Over Strain of Ticket Sale

NEW HAVEN, Ct., Nov. 21.—Everard Thompson, who directed the building of the Yale Bowl, and who handled the sale of the 10,000 tickets for today's Yale-Harvard game, was stricken with nervous prostration in the Hotel Taft last night and is in a serious condition today. Thompson's condition at noon, it is said, was such that he was unable to recognize any of his friends, and he was in a wild delirium. The strain of nearly twenty hours work a day handling the ticket sale which followed long hours of work in supervising the building of the Bowl are responsible for Thompson's breakdown.

Commits Suicide While Nurse Is Out

ANNEVILLE, N. Y., Nov. 21.—A New York man who has been undergoing treatment in Boston for his nerves, committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor at his lodgings, No. 191 Washington street, Brookline. Mr. Bailey, who was fifty-five years old, was attended by a nurse, a Buffalo man. The nurse went out on an errand when he returned he found Mr. Bailey dead in a corner of the bedroom. Dr. Frank H. McMahon of No. 217 Washington street, Brookline, was called, but all he could do was to notify the medical examiner.

THE WEATHER.
Fair tonight and Sunday; some what warmer Sunday; fresh southwesterly winds.
Sun rises 6:41, sets 4:19.
Moon sets 8:10 p. m.
High tide 1:45 a. m., 2 p. m.

POLICE MAKE ARREST AT NORTH STATION

A man calling himself Sappino Francisco of Lawrence was arrested at the North Station by Patrolman O'Brien at 9:30 a. m., charged with carrying a loaded revolver. It was reported that the Brookline police might wish to look at him, as at all other men arrested on this charge today. O'Brien noticed Sappino and suspected he was armed. He strode up to the man, saying: "Give me the gun you've got." "I got no gun," protested Sappino. O'Brien slapped him on the hip and found the weapon. "I was just waiting for my brother-in-law," said Sappino, as he was taken away.

Over Boston and the State today was thrown a police search for the two yeggs who entered the Hitchcock drug store at No. 999 Beacon street last night and shot and killed Charles J. Merrill, manager of the store, after he had kicked shut the safe to prevent their stealing the day's receipts.

Three suspects arrested on Illover street, after they had been inspected by George Slosser, an employee of the store, were exonerated of blame, and though they will be held on a charge of carrying a loaded revolver, the other two will be released.

Thus the police have absolutely no notion that the million fact they may close to the identity of the slayer and have he caught the chief hope is his partner-for it was one of the slayers is suspected, or that he may be grilling into a million, or that the man who held part of the store. The police have received a note of "tips" one, notably from Handpick, but though every one has been run down, they have had to nothing.

The two yeggs after Merrill had been shot, namely, rifled three cash registers and a till in the store and then walked out, down St. Mary's street to the Boston & Albany tracks and disappeared.

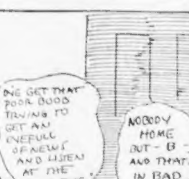
They disappeared so completely and the descriptions of them are so fragmentary that they are as strong as

HARVARD-YALE GAME
FIRST PERIOD—Mahan kicked off. Yale made two attempts to gain. Mahan run ball back 60 yards to Yale 35-yard line. Harvard turned the ball over for a touchdown after a series of plays. The touchdown was made by Hardwick on a forward pass from Mahan. The play was made from within Yale's five-yard line. Hardwick failed to kick goal. Harvard 6, Yale 0.

FOOTBALL?

Walter Camp, Charlie Brickley, Nick Flatley, A. H. C. Mitchell, Damon Runyon, Frank G. Menke and others will report the YALE-HARVARD game exclusively for tomorrow's Boston SUNDAY AMERICAN

INDOOR SPORTS



WHO'S WHO ON YALE

HAURICE R. BRANN, left end, is a member of the Missouri State Bar Association. He is a graduate of the University of Missouri at Columbia, where he received his law degree in 1915. He is now practicing law in St. Louis.

and captain for Yale. He was named Academic All-American. He was left end and part of the line. He gained both yards and touchdowns. He was a senior, is twenty-two years old, weighs 164 pounds and is 6 feet 7 inches tall.

MELVIN STROWBRIDGE TALBOT, captain and left tackle, is the only player who has been on the team as a regular last year. This is his fourth year at Yale. He came from Dayton, and prepared for college at the University of Cincinnati. He is 28 years old, is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 190 pounds and is a member of the senior class of the football team.

JOHN IRVING CONNOR, left guard, was a member of the freshman team last year. He played his first entrance to Yale played in the game against Princeton. He is a sophomore. He is twenty-one years of age, weighs 175 pounds and is 6 feet 4 inches tall. He comes from New York City. Like home he is in Brooklyn.

ALAN WHITE, center, was a back on his freshmen team. Last year he was a member of the varsity and the Sheffield class of 1918. His home town is in Connecticut. He is a senior for Yale and Notre Dame.

ALEXANDER WILSON, quarterback, played the same position last year. He was a member of the varsity and played two seasons back. His previous football was played at the University of Pennsylvania. He is a member in New Jersey. His home town is in New York City. He is a member of the Junior class, is twenty-one years of age, weighs 165 pounds for the Yale captaincy another season and is 6 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 162 pounds and is 6 feet 4 inches tall.

FREDERICK ANNWORTH, left halfback, a Boston boy, is another veteran. He was a member of the varsity of the eleven last year, and played in the game against Princeton. He is a member of the Sheffield class. He is a senior, is twenty-three years of age, weighs 165 pounds for Yale from the Stone School, is a member of the varsity and weighs 163 pounds and is 6 feet 4 inches tall.

CARROLL M. KNOWLES, right halfback, is another veteran halfback. He was a member of the varsity and leading in Massachusetts. He is a member of the Junior class, is twenty-one years of age, weighs 165 pounds for the senior Academy team before coming to Yale, is a member of the varsity and weighs 165 pounds and is 6 feet 4 inches tall.

[illegible]

ally squad last June at New London. He is a member of the New York Millman family, which has given so many athletes to both Yale and Harvard. He prepared for Yale at the St. Paul School, Concord, and is a member of the state tackle, captured the freshman last year, and prepared for Yale at La-vergneville. He will weight right tackle till two years ago. He is twenty years old, weighs 161 pounds, and is 5 feet 11 inches tall.

Romance of Pacific Island Life

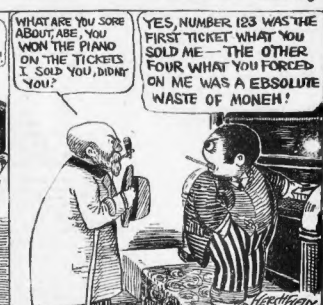
"The Story of Mauki"

**Complete In Tomorrow's
Boston Sunday American**

Ah, Ha! Guess Mary Doesn't Know How to Help Out Her Daddy



The Other Tickets Were Waste of Money



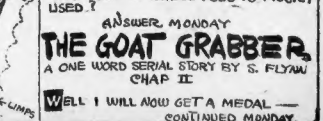
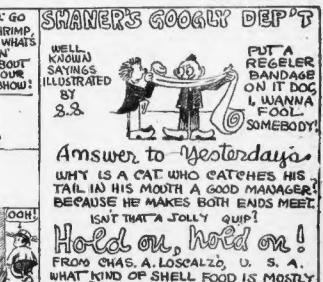
The Kid Brother Got In Soft—Quite Unexpectedly



You Can't Get Past the Evidence



Shrimp Is Sensitive About His Appearance



THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE PAGE

Her Husband's Widow

A Thrilling Story of Romance, Adventure and Intrigue, in Which a Beautiful Young Bride Plays the Part of the Heroine

CHAPTER XXVI.—(Continued)

FOR some minutes Sir Ralph smoked in silence. Then he got up and consulted a railway guide hanging at the corner of a bookcase. "She can't very well be here before tomorrow evening," he remarked. "Your telegram would not reach her till the last train today had left Osh. Do you propose to take any steps in the meantime?"

"No," answered Varney, without blushing. "There are no steps to be taken till I have heard what she and he have to say."

"You want to bring them face to face?"

"That is my idea at present. I must think. I'm dazed at the moment. If you don't mind, I would rather be alone just now. This is rather a face-what?"

The stricken man rubbed himself with a painful effort. "I know you are sympathetic, Ralph, but there's really nothing to be done or said till she comes."

The dressing bell rang. "Stay to dinner if you like," he went on wearily. "I don't feel inclined for a stroll for an all-night run, but I think I may clear my head a bit."

Varney remained till night fell, but overtook his house, while he was in the room where the dinner prepared for him and drank alone in himself in the way brought by the uncle of the girl he was helping.

VARNEY TRIES TO FORGET BY MUCH SPEEDING

In the course of the next twenty-four hours Oswald Varney drove over half the south of England. He thanked Heaven for his motor car, for otherwise he could have continued to travel toward him across two kingdoms as fast as a train could carry him, but he could not imagine. He raced furiously along the roads and lanes, not knowing, not caring, whether he was going to find out the truth or to find out the other.

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thought of his disheveled self in the mirror. A curious instinct inherited from his dead devoted him to dress ceremonially. After all this was a solemn occasion—something grave and memorable—since it was an event in the history of his family. For the next half hour he was busy in his dressing room.

STEEL AGREES TO COME TO SIR RALPH'S ROOM

The telephone bell rang. He rushed to it. Gaveston was speaking. "Steel telegraphs that he will come over to my room this evening. I'll bring him round to you."

"Yes, at once. Don't let him amuse himself with anything else. He would trap them in the same room, and then he would be in a position to do as he pleased with them. He would be in a position to do as he pleased with them."

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"Ware My Heart!"

By NELL BRINKLEY

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WATCH where you stop, and dance lightly, oh, girl—who dances all the strange, and queer, and lovely, and amazing things, christianized music, tongue-tickling names from South America—for my heart is there, right there, on the boards at your feet. Tennis girls and grand mother girls, and girls who dive and ride—my eye gets a fishy blankness whenever I turn to you—for your candles fade and die beside the lightning of the dancing girl with her feet of blowing bubbles, her legs like blowing foun, her face like a happy flower. Oh, tread lighter than if you were dancing on the feet of a lemon pie, for there's my heart—at your slipper-clip!—NELL BRINKLEY.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

THE teacher asked me to write an essay about the duties of Nature. I said to Pa last night, and I don't know anything about it. I can't write about it if I don't know it.

Then you will never be a writer, Pa. I don't agree with you, dear, and Ma. Nevertheless it is the truth, and Pa. It always came natural to me to write. I don't know anything about it, but I can't write about it if I don't know it.

They are all about him, and Pa. I don't know anything about it, but I can't write about it if I don't know it. I don't know anything about it, but I can't write about it if I don't know it.

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A Pamphlet of New Embroidery Stitches FREE

Begin Making Christmas Gifts NOW

The Boston American Offers New England Women

An Embroidery Pattern Outfit for 68c

Embroidery Coupon

With every outfit of six coupons consecutively dated and

NOVEMBER 21, 1914.

The Fortunes of Fanny

Nellie Benson Gives Fanny Private Lessons and She Practices on the Girls

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

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CHAPTER IX.

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A WEEK had passed, and while Fanny's own nails had been done by Nellie, she, the new-comer to Madame Bidlet's establishment, had had opportunity to practice on only two of the girls. One of these had been Antoinette Bryon, who had made her nervous by finding fault with her. When the task was finished, the host of Fanny's ability, the subject of the experiment, surveyed her hands carefully.

"You sure have got lots to learn about this perfection," she cried. "Now, just look at the cuticle—how rough it is. Still, I suppose you'll catch on after a while."

"I don't get any practice," Fanny protested. "You have your own fault," returned Antoinette in a low voice. "You don't stand up for your rights and tell Madame Bidlet that you're here to get the run of the business—not to help."

She looked around to be sure she was not overheard, then resumed. "At this time of the year—in the winter when folks are coming back from the country and sea-bath—the nails want to be cut and polished. It's a very hard job for the winter, and they come here in the summer. It's a very hard job for the winter, and they come here in the summer."

But Nellie, when consulted, gave no answer. "I guess," returned Antoinette, "you're a coward. You don't stand up for your rights and tell Madame Bidlet that you're here to get the run of the business—not to help."

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she felt as if a great weight had been lifted from her shoulders. Here at last was a chance for her to learn. "I'll not ask the other girls a thing," Nellie explained. "For they're not our sort. They're a stuck-up lot, and I don't care to have you get in with them."

"They must be pretty good operators," Fanny murmured. "For I notice that they always get the most customers. I'll not ask the other girls a thing," Nellie explained. "For they're not our sort. They're a stuck-up lot, and I don't care to have you get in with them."

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Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand TEA

In pound, half-pound and quarter-pound, sealed, air-tight canisters.

Good Things Will Come from the War—Vile as It Is

The Minds of Men Will Be Awakened, and a Good Many Savages Will Be Killed Off

Since the war began men have been actually thinking who never REALLY thought before.

A number of royalties and a good many army men are included among those now thinking for the first time.

The entire human race is aroused mentally by the new conditions of the world and by the question, "WHAT IS TO FOLLOW?"

Ferrero, the great Italian historian, whose articles we frequently publish, commenting on the changes in territory that will follow the war, adds:

"The transference of territory will be nothing compared with the change in ideas, a change already noticeable. Perhaps this war will recreate the mind of the world."

In our Civil War millions of men were engaged, and while the war was a horrible calamity, costing hundreds of thousands of lives and many thousands of millions of dollars, it did a great deal for the intellect of America.

Men were taken from their own little villages, their own little stagnant pools, in which they were born, lived and would have died without the war.

Those from the North went South, those from the South went North.

Men met each other, learned to know each other, exchanged real thought, in the face of death and danger.

INVENTIVE GENIUS ESPECIALLY WAS STIMULATED BY THE WAR. MEN FOUND THEMSELVES DEPENDING UPON THEIR OWN INGENUITY FOR FOOD, FOR SAFETY, FOR LIFE ITSELF. THEY LEARNED TO HIDE, TO BUILD BRIDGES, TO TEST THE SAFETY OF SWAMPS, ESPECIALLY TO FIT THEIR OWN INTELLIGENCE AGAINST THAT OF THE ENEMY.

When the war was over the United States had been weakened by the loss of life and money, but made stronger by the increase in mental activity.

So it will be all over the world after this war. Millions will die—among them some of the best and a good many of the worst sort of human beings.

Tens of thousands of millions of dollars will be actually burned up in the war. The amount lost by the destruction of manufactures and trade cannot be calculated.

But, while the war lasts, every man capable of thought IS THINKING.

The emotion, the excitement, the danger, the intense interest, are doing for the minds of men what the plow does for the soil.

Thought is going deeper into the mind. The whole race of men will be better equipped mentally when the war is over.

Another feature of the war and a useful one is this:

It will kill off a great many of those MOST FOND OF FIGHTING.

The first man killed, all things being equal, is the man who likes fighting BEST.

He enlists first, exposes himself to danger, is an admirable citizen of the republic or the kingdom—and is killed quickly.

WHEN HE GOES THE HUMAN RACE HAS JUST THAT MUCH LESS FIGHTING INSTINCT LEFT IN IT.

The history of humanity has been a history of war. And the history of war has been a slow process by which the love of fighting, the brutal instinct, has been eliminated.

When war began—that is, say, when the first half man and half monkey saw one of his rivals with something that he wanted

—ALL CREATURES LIKED TO FIGHT.

Of our early ancestors ALL WERE FIGHTERS—MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN, OLD AND YOUNG.

They all had huge jaws, big teeth, low foreheads, hairy bodies, and fighting was their only amusement.

For the last five hundred thousand years, the time that man have lived on this planet, THEY HAVE HAD PLENTY OF THAT AMUSEMENT.

Year after year, century after century, the fighting game has killed off the most savage.

The man with the biggest jaw and the biggest tusks went out first. He was killed. His brother, a little gentler, who stayed at home, was the father of the children—and he made the race a little gentler than his dead brother would have made it.

So it has gone all through the fighting centuries. Those most anxious to fight did the fighting and were killed. Those more peaceful stayed at home, carried on the race, handed their gentler qualities down to the children—and in that way the human race has gradually changed from a horrible collection of fighting, murdering cannibals to the almost civilized set of barbarians that you see

outting each other's throats in Europe now.

This war will carry on the useful game of ELIMINATING THE MOST SAVAGE AND BEASTLY AMONG US.

The hero who insists upon running out and getting killed is applauded. He deserves applause. Every nation still needs him.

But when he goes out a gentler individual will take his place as the father of children—and while that isn't quite so heroic, IT IS THE PARTICULAR THING THAT HAS IMPROVED THE HUMAN RACE.

Mentally by stimulating the brain, morally by killing off those fond of fighting, this war will do good.

Console yourself with that thought.

BOSTON AMERICAN

The Silent Shrapnel of the Skies

BOSTON
NOVEMBER 21, 1914

WAR

WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE THE MOVING PICTURES HAD TO DO WITH IT?

We do not know, but we have been reading George Bernard Shaw, the Irish-English Elbert Hubbard—philosopher, essayist, playwright, wit and advertising man—and we gather from "G. B. S." that at the bottom of the war is the great question of INCOME, and the like of that. Says this wonderful man:

If you happen to be poor and live in a squalid way, you will see on the cinematograph, at least we invariably see it, people dressed in very elegant materials and very exquisite dresses. And the laborer who takes the young woman to see the show has previously been contented with his lot. He has always been contented with his personal appearance, and no doubt so has his sweetheart. But having seen in that cinematograph show what a properly dressed pair of trousers is like, that laborer's sweetheart suddenly finds the young man she is keeping company with has not, perhaps, a tasteful crease in his trousers. And so on and so on, in a manner truly Shavian. Read ALL of it in the SUNDAY AMERICAN, and be entertained, amused and informed.

"AND FOR THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, WHAT WOULD THE TRIUMPH OF GERMANY MEAN?"

The late Lord Roberts asked this question—and the late Lord Roberts answered it—for the current number of the Hibbert Journal.

Just before leaving England, on what proved to be his last journey to France, the great general wrote what may now be called his farewell message to England. "Let there be no mistake," said he, "if Germany wins in this war it means the downfall of the British empire. And what would be the naval burden thrown on the United States if the Kaiser became in stern reality what he once styled himself in an irrepressible outburst of vanity—the Admiral of the Atlantic?"

The novelists, the essayists and the poets have been having a lot to say about the war. HERE we have the situation discussed by a man who made war his business and his life.

We affirm that the farewell message of Earl Roberts is one of the most important contributions to the literature of this great conflict in history. It will be printed IN FULL in the SUNDAY AMERICAN. We earnestly recommend it to all who would understand what this war means, from the point of view of England and her colonies.

WE ARE NOT VERY FAR FROM THE WAR, HERE IN BOSTON.

How are our friends and neighbors in Canada getting along? What are they DOING? What are they SAYING? What is GOING ON in the shops, the theatres, the hotels, the picture houses? Is business good or otherwise? What does the long Winter hold forth?

A reporter for the SUNDAY AMERICAN has been spending a few days in Montreal, the Dominion's metropolis and commercial capital. He was asked these questions. He tries to answer them in the SUNDAY AMERICAN. Obviously, he writes under some restraint, careful not to wound the fine sensibilities of our neighbors and MORE careful not to touch upon such subjects as might be marked: "Danger! Keep Off!"

On the whole, an INTERESTING contribution, accompanied by some splendid photographs—just received—of the first Canadian contingent in camp at Salisbury Plain, England.

ONE WORD AND WE SHOULD HAVE LOST OUR MARGARET!

Thank goodness! Miss Foley did NOT say the fateful word.

It happened in Nevada—not once but frequently.

Miss Foley went to the "wild and woolly" to champion Votes for Women. (The suffragists won by the way.)

Almost every day some son of Nevada asked the Boston girl to be his. One of them, in fact, is WAITING for her.

And will Miss Margaret Foley return to him?

"Aha!"

"Aha!" again.

That is the story. Read it in the SUNDAY AMERICAN.

In the marriage section of the SUNDAY AMERICAN somebody writes of the recent marriage of the splendidly developed dancer, Ruth St. Denis.

Edwin Shaw, "the handsomest man in America." This union, we are told seriously, "may produce results of great value to the science of race betterment." Students of eugenics, we are further advised, are "closely watching this marriage."

"Well, well, well," as old Squire Applegate used to say, "who'd a thunk it!"

Tom Powers, Bud Fisher, F. Oppen and R. Outcalt have done their share to make the Sunday paper interesting. The Katzenjammer will also "oblige."

THE EDITORIAL in the SUNDAY AMERICAN will be the MOST HELPFUL editorial printed by any Sunday newspaper ANYWHERE.

Two hundred alert reporters will represent you on Saturday throughout New England, to the end that the SUNDAY AMERICAN may contain ALL the latest news.

DID SOMEBODY MENTION THE AFFAIR IN THE "BOWL" AT NEW HAVEN, BETWEEN HARVARD AND YALE?

One word about the SUNDAY AMERICAN and the football classic of 1914:

Remember how the SUNDAY AMERICAN scored with pictures and story on the Saturday World Series game at Philadelphia?

Tomorrow's SUNDAY AMERICAN WILL DUPLICATE THAT ACHIEVEMENT WITH REFERENCE TO THE HARVARD-YALE GAME.

Finally: Complaints multiply that our friends occasionally find the newsdealer sold out of SUNDAY AMERICANS.

The circulation of the SUNDAY AMERICAN is GENUINE circulation. There are no "returns."

Be on the safe side. Speak to Mr. Newsdealer. Say to him:

"ALWAYS save a SUNDAY AMERICAN for me!"

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

The original fowling piece used by Captain John Parker, commander of the minutemen at the Battle of Lexington, is on exhibition in the Senate reception room at the Massachusetts State House?



The Woman Who Is Over-Economical

She Succeeds in Spoiling All Pleasures—A Case Where a Bank Account Does Not Mean Happiness

By DOROTHY DIX

WE hear so much about the extravagance of women that there is a general impression that all women are wasters and spenders, but, in reality, the feminine sex as a whole is rather given to parsimony than it is to prodigality.

This is natural enough because, as a class, women have the actual handling of so little money that a dollar looks as big as a cartwheel to them. Also the great majority of women, having no way of earning money, are afraid to spend what they have, lest when that is gone they can get no more.

The one thing that the average woman will spend money for is outside show. She will buy good clothes, and live in as pretentious a house or apartment as she can manage, but she will scrimp on her food and the real comforts of life.

It is woman, and not man, who will lunch on a chocolate éclair and a glass of soda, and who, when there are no men in the family, subsists on toast and tea and burns a coal oil lamp to keep down the electric light bill.

Now undoubtedly thrift is an admirable virtue, but it is one of the virtues that lean to vice's side, especially in its overdone estate, and it is a cold, hard fact that just as many women have ruined their husbands and wrecked their homes by parsimony as ever have by extravagance.

I have known women who were so economical that they kept their houses as bare and unattractive as a barn, and whose tables were spread with convict fare. All warmth and beauty and luxury were rigorously "lopped off" because they cost money, and as a result the husband and children stayed away from home just as much as possible.

I have known other women so extremely economical that they blighted their family life by putting a price tag on it. The only

talk in their homes was about money. The first question concerning anything that was suggested was, "What will it cost?" They couldn't do that because it would cost a quarter. They couldn't do that because it would cost a dollar. There never was a nickel for the movies nor a dime for a glass of soda water without an endless discussion about it, and a sermon on the sin of wastefulness.

Plenty of men never take their wives anywhere because wife is so economical that she takes all the pleasure out of every treat by worrying over what it cost. She's demanding to know why he got orchestra seats at the theatre in-

stead of gallery seats when he could have saved fifty cents on them as easy as not. She insists on going to a cheap lunch place instead of a good restaurant for a meal, and she has fits if husband even suggests such a thing as a taxi.

Now, when a man goes out to have a good time he makes up his mind beforehand to pay the price, and nothing gets on his nerves worse than to have his companion come one who haggles over every penny, and who is such a tightwad that she can't loosen up even enough to enjoy herself. The result is that after a few experiences with a miserly wife, the man takes his pleasures alone, or else

with some lady of a less economical temperament.

Still worse, there are wives so stingy that they make it impossible for a man to even spend the money he earns himself as he pleases. If a man has a hobby such a wife nags him to death about the money his books or bottles or china cost.

If he likes to play golf she is forever figuring up what his club dues and golf sticks cost. If he's crazy about an automobile she never rides in it without bemoaning the price of gasoline and lamenting the cost of tires.

Such a woman counts it unto herself for righteousness that she is saving her husband's money, and she is always telling him that he would be in the poorhouse if it wasn't for her thrift, but she delivers herself. By her stinginess she not only destroys all the happiness of her home, which is far beyond any money value, but she kills her husband's incentive to make money.

Consciously or not, he says to himself, "What's the use?" and because his work brings him none of the perquisites that he wants he inevitably slackens effort.

If you will notice you will observe that the happiest families are not those in which the wife is a human cash register, recording relentlessly every penny. Doubtless such families grow rich and have money in the bank, but they have no laughter around the dinner table, no chucking of husband and wife together. The happy families are those in which the wife is liberal minded and liberal handed, and where the almshest dollar isn't the chief household god.

All of which goes to show that economy, like everything else, is only good in moderation, and that a thrifty wife isn't always the treasure she is painted.

ART THOU ALIVE?

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX
Copyright, 1914, by the Star Company.

ART THOU ALIVE? Nay, not too soon reply. Though hand, and foot, and lip, and ear, and eye Respond and do thy bidding; yet may be Grim death had done his direct work with thee.

Life, as God gives it, is a thing apart. From active body and from beating heart.

It is the vital spark, the unseen fire, That moves the mind to reason and aspire;

It is the force that sets the bondman free, In mighty billows from the surging sea.

It is the light that graves from hour to hour, And floods the brain with consciousness of power.

It is the spirit dominating all. And reaching God with its imperious call.

Until the shining glory of His face Illuminates each sorrowful, dark place.

It is the truth that sets the bondman free, Knowing he will be what he wills to be.

With its unbowed dead the earth is sad. Art thou alive? Proclaim it and be glad.

Perchance the dead may hear thee and arise, Knowing they live, and HERE is Paradise.

Can a girl find happiness on Broadway?

Read the great story, "When My Ship Comes In," by

Gouverneur Morris

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